A beautiful place
to get lost

In a world based on judgement, can there be a place without right and wrong. So much authoritative text is there about what is the right way of doing things, right way of living, where is that love which comes out of wisdom and which doesn't dictate the path but walk the path with you. That love and its expression, which is open, a wonder at everything that life is and can be. Something written which is read like a children's story of wonderland, yet it doesn't shy away from any topic saying it is too complicated. Two lives walking together, talking, observing, interacting, sharing, without any fear or boundary.

It feels like some romantic imagination right, in reality, it is just being honest and sharing without fear. It is not a compilation of soft, hollow words to soothe one into sleep, to motivate one to achieve so called success, to ease the pain by providing a temporary crutch, but any word whether hard or soft written with an open mind.

How do we get out of the maze of mind? How do I condition the mind to get what I want? How do I control the mind and become the most genius person? All one gets from others are questions based on expectations of what the answer should be. People conditioned into thinking that there are only limited ways to live.

It feels like life is drained out, like something mechanical, just playing out roles which are so rigid. The meaning of life in our present times, is so lifeless, so rigid, closed, mechanical, repetitive, forceful. Love is lost in the lanes of greed, desires. People are moving with rigid boxes of iron around them rubbing against what is open and loving. That makes being open hard, having doubt on yourself will be seen and felt as a weakness. But the other choice is to be closed, narrow-minded, self-focused, an existence devoid of any real exploration of life and is limited and bounded.

Will you show some courage in really exploring what life can be, or will you just choose out of the 5, 10, 100 options given to you? If you are really ready to explore with an open mind, then these words will start to loop around your mind, just like air loops around your body.

# Part 1

One wants to get lost. Roads are too clear. Mind questioning the limits.

Limits of oneself, of intellect, of emotions, of imagination, of thinking, of perception, of mind solving a problem it has created and being happy about it……

Let us get lost in wilderness.

Simplicity is a cage. Sitting in a cage the bird has built and now it is afraid of flying. What ifs…. what ifs….. what ifs….the mind cries….and living all what ifs in mind, the energy drains out,

and it watches from the cage window, waiting for someone to free one from oneself.

There is nobody else. It is a bird sitting in a cage in nothingness. The cage, nothingness, everything exist in mind.

Is there more? One asks….asking not really, not from the bottom of existence, not to let go of self….. but to build on self, to add another fascinating achievement to portfolio, another rare jewel to one's collection….

this more means, more of same kind…more of the same money, more of same sex, more of same power....it doesn't actually mean more.

What actually will be more?

Something that can't be contained in words. Something which can't be derived from what one already has. Something original, new, not some iteration of same with different clothes.

Are we getting the depth of these words? Think again…Are we?… If one is still reading, it means the meaning has been skipped. If one really has the need to know 'more', one will not entertain oneself with romantic words. If the question is understood, like really understood, then there will be no need to read or listen to anyone telling you the answer.

It doesn't matter. Words can't reach….. love can. Being can and is. Love which is pure acceptance. There is no conflict within one's parts. It is all moving together, like it is not different…. and that is it….the realization that there are no parts.

It is all one.

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Thinking is the issue?
or
the desire to control thinking?

one looking at oneself with a question
am I?

what is this ‘I’, which questions itself

‘I’ is an issue?
or
the question on whether ‘I’ is?

lets remove I
not through questioning it
and not through accepting it
just remove it

what is left ‘is’

I am mind and mind is me
with this realization one moves on stairs

upwards or downwards?
doesn't matter

it is thinking and I can't stop it
it is not thinking and I can't move it

the base is same
it is not to think or stop thinking
it is control on what happens when

Living is being. It is effortless. Like the light which only knows to move straight.

It is all a story. Story of a human. Time started when someone started the counting. We exist as each other's proof.

Can we know what was before time?

By definition of time or space-time, one who exists at this time can't move somewhere else to experience.

If one goes deep into existence, the untouched grass of being, where parts are not discriminated, where there is no conflict, no preference, where the existence is realized as 'present'… then one will realize that it is not to know what is beyond story, it is to know the full story.

Exploration without force is exploration of being. There is no choice in that exploration. But it is pure exploration as there is no prediction. Everything is a surprise, every moment is lived completely.

The water runs down, making its own path. What it

is going to touch is never touched by water before. Everything is first time as it only knows what is.

What is - is that a collection? Where is the starting point? What would you call or name ‘the collection of memories happening without a starting point’? That is actually the story of that drop of water. It is a story with no starting and end time.

And that is the story of a human.

Round and round, mind moves
why…….
and round and round it goes again

every question makes it move
but it can only move in a circle
so where will it move
back to the question

if questions stop
the movement will stop
this stop is not forced stop
it is just not being there
like it just vanished

how will it vanish?
are we observing this mind trying to reach there
through questions

how else should I try?
where is the path?
what is it?
.
.
.
and round and round it goes again

Beauty doesn't lie in explanations
it doesn't lie in description of it
through words, images, videos....

it lies in experience
and no experience can be captured
experience is thought moving free

it doesn't lie in preferences
a rainy day is beautiful
and a sunny day is beautiful
is there a day which is not beautiful

it is not static
it lies in its vulnerability of being dynamic
and it is beautiful because it is changing as well as being
it 'is and becoming' both happening

•

A butterfly flaps its wings and everything changes

a butterfly decides to not flap its wings and everything changes too

action or karma doesn't lie in physical

it lies in will

physical is just manifestation of will in a form

Give me a piece
give me a piece
of this, that, that too, that also….

why do I still feel empty
why why why why why why

I have everything, everything a human desires
everything a human can imagine

what is this question I asked
whose answer can't be bought

tell me a book, a podcast, lecture, teacher, a place…
tell me to do something
something which doesn't make me feel empty

looking at oneself so helpless
tears flow through eyes

•

A bird takes off
but it has a concept of what kind of tree it wants to sit on
it tries to match every tree that comes with the image in mind
nothing matches it perfectly

the image in mind is created with measurements
obviously it can never match reality

it keeps flying with shallow purpose of finding what it has imagined
ego doesn't let it sit anywhere else

it can't stop now
only death can end this struggle

•

What is life?
it moves through you, you who is living

what is death?
when the movement stops, it is death

now does the movement ever stops
a water molecule traveling through mountains goes into ocean
it is still moving, just the name has changed

what has ended is the story of one of its forms
what was moving is still moving

A flower bloomed
and everyone came to explain to each other what has happened

someone started painting
someone writing furiously

people coming with their tools of measurements
- language of any topic, science, spirituality, philosophy, art....
every tool is different and nobody actually sees the flower

now the factions have formed
let us fight to the end who is right

how will we decide who is right?
what if everybody is wrong?

does it really matter now what actually is truth?
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.
.
someone sitting near the flower just being.....

Everything from inside to outside
conscious of everything one can be conscious of

watching the world playing in oneself
in reality it is not like world playing in something

the play of what we call ‘I’ with ‘not I’ is your
complete world
that is all one can realize

the explanation of anything other than this is futile
it is all a mystery, changing every second, no rules,
no patterns, changing forms, moving in itself

someone calls it god, someone soul, someone life……

words, just words

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Love is the answer
isn't it?
the realization of 'everything I am, is coming from outside'

this humbleness is not
'I am humble' or 'I have become humble'
it is humble because there is no I
or the I has realized that it is completely derived from relationships with world

letting go is not a one time process
as collecting from outside is being human
so letting go keeps happening with collection

this movement is actually life
and this is realized again and again
now it is complete movement of thought

let us try a different way
'God' is god because it is accepted by what is 'not god'

value in concepts is derived from its acceptance in the user of concepts
like currency, brands, diamonds etc.

if we understand this, then isn't the one accepting
equally powerful
my story will not exist if nobody accepts it
the story is manifested in relationships

what one is,

is actually the love accepted by others

We are all under the weight of our own stories, our own past

if you carry gold bricks on a trek
it doesn't matter if it is gold
what will matter is the weight

in the same way the weight of a story is still weight
it doesn't matter if it is a billionaire's story or a poor's
if it is one named Indian, American, Chinese....
if it is a winner's story or a loser's

whoever is reading this
don't you feel the boundaries
the limited possibilities
clay getting molded in fixed patterns

even if we invent creative excuses or reasons of not letting go of our weight
we do feel the limitations one time or other

the point gets lost in imaginative scenarios mind creates after realizing this
- the weight is needed for survival
- what other option is there
- is it possible to actually get rid of weight?

- it is better to manage the weight more efficiently than trying to get rid of it
- I like my weight even it kills me

it never ends
the only end is to face it
what can or can't
the only way to answer this absolutely is to do it and find out

honesty about the question, to oneself will be the fuel of life
I keep doubt and question with me
realizing the difference between knowing & believing constantly

this is the only honest way to live the story

What goes outside, comes inside too
the hate, judgment which goes out for others
it will exist for oneself also

what actually happening there is not any exchange
it is just aggressive vibrations

what happens when one is angry, hateful
other than the mental story which is different for different people
it is just manifestation in the form of intense release of energy

love which goes out, comes in too
so in reality the concept of self-love is not about you
it is about how much love is given out

there is no difference between loving someone else or loving self
it is just love
it doesn't have direction like anger doesn't have directions

do we realize that words doesn't have any inherent effect other than utterance of a sound
and the meaning only exists in the limit accepted by

the one hearing it
what is written here, its real meaning, only exists in the limits of acceptance of reader

can we say now or have we understood that the feeling of love is not directional
if the feeling is generated inside you by whatever means
it will be there for self as well as others

Will you let go of yourself just for a moment
for a second, don't try to hold anything that needs efforts

whether you are a teacher, leader, son, daughter, male, female, INFP, INTJ, an introvert, extrovert, secular, chinese, english, rich, poor, dog-lover, cat-lover, beautiful, ugly, feminist, racist, science-believer, religion-believer, a village person, a city person, mainstream, offstream, whatever it is……

the labels attached to this infinite being of yours

this effort to control the infinite

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Love is not a choice
it is melting away in other
‘I love you’ means there can be ‘I don’t love you’
or ‘I hate you’
remove I and you, that is what love is

love exist where there is no I and You
or there can be both I and You

where both exist without friction
like the dance of tree and light
like inhale and exhale

when it exist in harmony
then there is a sense in it
an order in it
and in order there are no separations

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Let us sit sometime

when the boundaries of time are not that strict
when the fear is less, so that we don't have to hide ourselves
when it is time to rest after running for so long

let us shed the heavy armor we have gathered
like a man after fighting a day of war, torn, bruised, tired
like a woman after a day of giving, caring for others, exhausted

the entire day you have defeated unknown enemies
the struggle to keep the story going
to verify it constantly by others

let us sit with what all you really are and what all I really am
it is not the resume, it is not the appearance, it is not the data you and I know

how will we know if other is holding the boundary
without first removing our own boundary?

how will we understand your scars if we keep
holding them under shiny covers
see what they really are

let us sit with everyone
the earth, sun, clouds, stars, trees, birds .....
..... and humans
let us all sit together naked, without boundaries

As one plays with another
the game of life
there is a middle ground
middle ground is overlap
place of openness
of no conflict
where things are understood by hinting
it is the same place around a bonfire
where laughter sounds higher than music

where being me is just effortless
where silence doesn't feel like something empty
where 'I' is not imposing, both on myself and other

that is the place we need to be
to really have a conversation

language is not learnt just through grammar
the meaning lies in the stories

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Mind and body together
it can happen in any way
the way of love, kindness, anger, hatred, silence, movement
it is any way which has reached its destination
any way followed to its end
to reach end of one is to reach end of everything

we have all experienced it
yet it is not here because we have not accepted it

it is non-sense, it is intuition

a direction without a point

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Thought grows like a tree
don't let it grow

but it is thought's nature to grow
now one is fighting against oneself

a tree trying not to be a tree
sun trying not to be sun

what burns can only burn
what flows can only flow

this inner conflict of mind to not accept a part of you
or you not accepting yourself the way you are

this tryst of a human to force things
to only accept what it understands

the problem is not that thought grows

the problem is to control whether it grows, how it
should grow, where it should grow

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In the end
the absolute end
there will be just one question
not what is life, not what is mind
but who is asking all of these questions

who am I?

what is this I filled with questions

that is the final or the deepest where logic can reach

I questioning I, mind questioning itself

This is the territory where words have to be written with utmost care
beyond this is where one is alone

who am I?
can someone else tell me this?

who am I can only be answered by the one questioning it
the absolute understanding of this question is the answer

the realization of loneliness in this concept of I
the realization of limits
the realization that thought can't reach it
the realization that nothing done by mind is helping

when the meaningless, the absolute meaningless is realized
there is nothing holding or constricting
there are no attachments

that is the moment of death
that is the moment of life
it is absolute silence
and it is all the sounds that can exist

it in itself is life
there is no method, no stair anymore
being absolutely in present
realizing the stupidity or rather
the childishness of mind

now we don't fight
if one wants, the other yields
if one goes right, the other goes right too
there is no conflict anymore
there is no two, it is one

it is awareness of everything that is
the rain, river, snow, sea.....

isn't it all water

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The sound of rain drops
is not actually sound of rain
it is dance of raining surface and rain

two can dance in infinite ways

something that is manifesting in infinite forms and
the forms dance together making what is 'is'
IS can't exist without forms, and forms can't exist
without 'is'

that is how everything just moves together
a day transforms into night
or a night transforms into day
day & night exist in this transformation

can one look this as
'something existing in 2 forms of day and night'
yes we can
and this something is you

you in whom day and night are manifesting
you who holds the entire universe inside

the question is not outward, it is inward
understanding universe means understanding you

all of you is entire humanity as somehow there is commonality
the commonality extends outwards centred around ‘I’

the I is what it has collected
there is no choice really in what is being collected
the effort to make it a choice is suffering

it is continuous, yet the best I can do is pixels
it is infinite, yet the best I can do is numbers

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The boundaries of ‘karma’
making it good and bad
making it successful and failure
making it useful and useless

all the weights hanging on that one action
dharma is not the weights
it is the flow of karma when the weights are gone

it is not a fixed path
it is not defined for one in isolation

the action here is not just physical
it includes everything tangible and intangible

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Mind is childish
mind is stubborn
mind is moody
mind is a monkey

it doesn't listen
it doesn't talk
it moves when it moves
and stops when it stops

it needs attention
it needs love
it needs to be accepted

now it is what it is
the choice is clear
to keep fighting it or let it win
let it be what it does
without judgment

Only love can reach where nothing can
only love can touch what is
your defenses can only be put down from inside
any forceful attempt from outside will only result in more defenses, not less
will you let these words enter
or will you just treat it as some ink on paper

we are not literally talking about words
all the words here, whether consciously or unconsciously are pointing in some direction
the words are open, let you decide the direction
love doesn't impose
love only exist in acceptance

somebody wrote and somebody is reading
if the words came out without friction
and they are accepted without friction
then this relationship is love

we are not used to love though
we are used to somebody imposing their perspectives through authority
we are used to being told who we are, and who we should be
so even love irritates us

it is better to have hate which is predictable than love
which is vulnerable

if you are reading with expectation of answers to
yourself from outside
then my love
it can't be done
my way can't be your way

an apple only knows how to be an apple
mango has to figure out itself what being mango is

There is deep loneliness in thinking
the sharp wires of logic cut deep

the walls keep on closing
closer and closer to what flows

what has boundaries is by definition lonely
its definition, its existence lies in isolation, separation

one plays card games with people
but it is not a play where everyone wants to be the character of 'winner'
it is a race, it is a comparison, it is me versus her
it is putting myself up and putting other down

that is where the boundary gets defined
boundary is not only physical one of walls, rooms, apartments, buildings, society, city, state, country, planet, galaxy…….
it is also a mental one
of what I can be and can't be
these mental boundaries we carry with ourselves
so we feel lonely even in midst of life

has the boundary been defined from inside or outside?

it is a continuous balance

I fear and it reduces its boundary
and world instantly occupies the space left open

I love and it expands
and the world creates space for it

a cage is a cage, no matter how fancy it is, how big it is
and any cage will ultimately render you lonely

When you try to catch infinite
what can happen
either you will be consumed
or you will be freed

it is the difference between laughing at you and laughing with you
when one laughs with, there is no I, it has now become infinite

the limitations of self are the efforts by us to isolate, to separate, to make it easy for us to understand

when we understand or we feel we understand, we feel a sense of superiority over what is understood

it is ownership, where something is the owner and something is being owned

but infinity can't be owned
what can own clouds
what can own space
yet we keep playing in our minds
this game of 'this is mine' and 'this is yours', 'my love', 'my house', 'my property', 'my music', 'my thoughts'……..

it is a spider trapped in its own web
it saw it can build web and get food to survive
and in the madness of greed, the arrogance of its
ability, it built a web everywhere

and soon there was no space for anything else

just a spider trapped in its own web

A dance of sound
a dance of light
a dance of space
……..
and all of this combined
is the dance of one observing this
it is the dance of consciousness

what is conscious is what ‘is’

that is world and that is one observing the world

What can happen?

how does one realise the limits of it?
if you think with me
isn't that the entire quest
to realise the limits
the exploration

the exploration of a water droplet is what manifests
in sea, clouds, ice, snow, river, lake, and all of that

and if you permit to let us go deeper
the water droplet is also exploration of something
this something whose exploration is everything is life

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I accept the direction given by other
acceptance without doubt
if there is tightness, the direction is to move out
if there is emptiness, the direction is to expand
if there is too much sound, the direction is to be
silent, to listen

now all of these are romantic words
it is a thin line we have to walk in execution
it requires tremendous sensitivity and then to not get
afraid to follow the intuition
but if all of this is done through thinking, through
logic

then it is just imitation

Natural vibration is vibration which requires no efforts in maintaining
the vibration of becoming is on top of vibrations of being
it is not natural and requires continuous energy
even if the energy is not an issue
mind and body get tired

but we can't let it rest as it is a race
so we squeeze every last drop
till a breakdown of fever or depression happens
these are both natural ways of balancing
but we don't even have time to reset it naturally

and we keep dancing, tired, no expression, through
tea, coffee, weed, cigarettes, alcohol, pills…..

like something dancing in its own funeral

•

Love is ‘doubt’
the moment someone becomes certain
boundary creates separation
it creates isolation
identity as a concept depends on isolation
and this separation, boundary, isolation creates
conflict

but doubt won’t sell products
it won’t create followers, fans, believers, supporters
watch around you, reflect inward and outward

would you listen to a guy saying ‘I know’ or a guy
saying ‘I know it can’t be known’
confidence is valued more than honesty or
humbleness
results are valued more than methods
power is valued more than kindness
control is valued more than freedom

we will rather have a statue/photograph of Buddha,
than having nothing
when ‘something’ is valued more than ‘nothing’
then love starts vanishing
when someone starts defending, any explorer will
look like an attacker

comfort of certainty is cosy but it is addictive and
slowly it becomes a cage
doubt is the only gate keeping the cage open

any opening means it can be transformed
comfort of certainty and fear of change paralyses one
the form hardens and becomes less flexible the more it
conforms

hardness is moving to death and flexibility is life
isn't that is why silly things have more life
it is more fun to go outside the lines than the opposite

life lies in kindness
in being open
being patient
like a snail living time to its deepest
every moment, every second sensed to the fullest
living which takes death with it

life is here
in this moment of ink being forced through this page
and the moment it got registered in reader's mind
this movement from me to you is life
it doesn't exist in just me and just you

•

Silence in thoughts is bliss
it is peace
peace is not absolute inaction
peace is being in harmony
it is peace of efforts
being in natural flow around you

space is endless, yet mind tries to put its boundaries on space
and this entire quest is recorded in time

is the mountain not there if it is covered by clouds
for the one in present - it is not
yet one who has recorded it in memory will say - it is there, I know it

then someone tries to settle the dispute and they all move towards it
all three reach to the mountain
the one being in present will say - it was not in past, it is in present
is there any dispute on what is present?
the dispute is always on what was
it is recorded memory

time moves, the concept of time

only to verify the memory of past
the real time moves with present

a bird sang
someone heard it
the song only exist when someone heard it
the awareness of an experience is the experience
there is no space-time
there is only present

As I am writing it, there is a constant to and fro
I want you to read it, but I also understand the
limitations of words

the thought castle of ego builds so fast
see there is already an assumption of a reader
already an assumption of importance of the words
and through correlation 'I'

a projection builds into future and that projection
starts influencing the words like right now

you know…….
the flow is this
to go wherever it takes you
to write whatever is being written

we crave 'control of mind' but the answer lies in
'being with mind'

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Clouds playing hide and seek with the mountain
every moment is new and every moment is beautiful
trees have come alive between the mountain and clouds
the birds are singing along with river

if we remove man-made contraptions, everything is effortless, gentle, loving
trees are full of cherries
everything is so beautiful by just being itself
a rose - vulnerable, bright, deep fragrance
an apple tree - small yet strong, efficient
crows - dark, hiding, deep voice

…all of this is romanticism of mind but underneath there is a realisation that this is it, both heaven & hell

A story is thought going on a journey
the play with thoughts, plays with emotions
it is an exploration inside oneself
exploration of not what is really new
but what feels like new

one explores ways of how one's own story can be
or to feel comfort of validation by noticing the similarities
the entire story is how one's own parts are connected
it is reflection of self onto a changing screen

this entire book is a story and it is reflection of my own relationships with world
and what you are understanding is your reflection of these words based on your relationships with world

Just the existence of someone saying something
evokes fear in us
the first reaction is to judge it
is it in my favour or opposition

when the fear gets so deep
that one is even afraid of living

this is not a judgement
this is not to measure yourself against some IQ
standards or some spiritual milestones
this is a journey, a conversation we are having
this is not some absolute statement which we can't be
part of
whatever you are, whatever makes you move
that is what these words are

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The water droplets on rose shine like sun
apple trees are playing a mild visual music
sun plays with apple and the shadow of this play
plays with earth

it is endless

everything dancing in their own ways

and then comes human, defining what is dance and
what is not
defining what is music and what is not
giving marks, judging, evaluating constantly

money is one such parameter
fame, power, are ways to measure one against other

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Anything that makes us deviate from our definition
of perfection ‘we call it disease’
mind should work like this and any deviation will be
mental disease
physical body should be like this and any deviation
from that will be physical disease

if one observes carefully, life comes from death
what we are calling disease is actually life happening
every life form is fighting for its own survival
we are virus to something else, just like corona is
virus to us

so play the game of life we must
but with the understanding that whether we kill
for our own survival
or something kills us for its own survival
there is no right and wrong

it is just life happening…….

Fear stops the mindful movement
it is urgency so one stops relying on thinking out the scenarios
and relies more on reaction memory of past

everything tries to become instinctive
what is suppressed by thinking will come out as reactions
reactions don't have intelligence
it is just stored data of past
it is not directional so it is not selective
the subjective nature of life will be gone

in a roundabout way fear shows us the truth
just that there is nobody to see it at that time

fear shows the reality but one's eyes are closed due to fear only

Hey
how are you doing?

yes, you who is reading

how are you?

let's pause this conversation and observe around us
and inside us
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slow down and see around you, every little detail of
the room, balcony, living room,.....
listen to every sound
you may not be able to listen to micro ones
let the mind settle
how do you feel in hands, feet, stomach, head
let us just sit with each other in silence
just being in present
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did you just saw these as dots or did you slowly
looked at each one
following the other
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there is a deep silence behind all of this noise
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let us just observe
both inside and outside
let us live this moment in its deepest

do you feel the sun?
or the sound of the bird
or sound of night insects

do you feel your heartbeat
feeling the immense pressure on it
and realizing the fickle nature of life
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lie down and relax
there is air all around you as a blanket
remove those walls around you
and entire space is yours
there is an energy dancing inside you
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.
let us just observe

What is it you are holding?
let us share

we can start with simpler things
slowly, one step after another

let us fill this silence with beauty
beauty of a heart opening up
the light from inside let loose

there is something about these moments
the heart is touched
fear is overcome
and warmth of love is felt

May not today

maybe tomorrow

patience……..

let us see how it unfolds

what is, that is real treasure

just be

breathe

In a silent valley of consciousness
there lies tension
a friction
an excess of energy

a vain attempt
to stop the flow of a river
to transform infinite into finite

only insides can be known
it can only know itself
and it is distracted by its own creations
in games it has created

living in knots
knots lie in polarities
something stretched from both directions
love is when one lets go

Why acceptance is difficult?
because it means accepting both love and hate

why letting go is difficult?
because it means letting go of both fears and desires

why silence is difficult?
because it means saying no to both sweetness and bitterness, both music and noise

why contentment is difficult?
because it means letting go of both dreams and nightmares

it can't happen just one way
letting go of past means letting go of everything

it is absolute

•

One story gets born
story will always have constraints
as constraints define different, new

you are a hero in your own story
you don't need to prove it
even when the world is constantly doubting

this is not to build up arrogance
but to move forward with humbleness
yes, we can move forward with truth
yes, we can move forward with kindness

I know the measuring mind will put forward that
most people are not like that
that you won't be successful like that
but you must have noticed that success is not enough
money is not enough
power is not enough

when the end will come what would matter
the expression of contentment on your face
number of hearts who will carry your love, your way
of being

now this remembrance is not the forced remembrance
of dictators

whose names are carried due to fear
and not due to love

your world, is all in your head
you have accepted the role in your story
either exercise this will power of acceptance to
change the role
or accept the role completely

it will be hard
the way of love is hard

but in the end
with the scars on you
when death will come
the real death of this form

there will be peace in heart

We must keep moving forward
even with the fear, hate, anger
even with the ignorance

change starts with one
let us start with the common parts
and slowly move to the center

if not now, tomorrow

maybe even not then

it is the action which counts
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
love

# Part 2

We start with blank again
to question what is assumed
to know what is forced and what is natural
the thought that was on a journey, a trip
an assumption and prediction of future

what has turned in a routine
a predictability
a comfort zone
the weight of memories and attachments
the layers mind has collected
on top of what is
let me dissolve again
will you please let me be nobody
your path is my path
my freedom lies in your hands

we need to let go
to really have it
only then we can know what one really has
to hear the sound of raindrops from fresh
to really see
we need to separate the romanticism
from the substance
reality from the opinion/perspective
to see our bubbles separate from infinity

I really don't know why I am writing
something feels different though
an ease into silence
just trying to share how I see it
how this is peaceful, sensitive

both of us are trying to walk together
how we both know we can never know each other
yet we are trying to communicate
I want to be stupid with you
to play the game of life with everyone
where we are together without fear
where silence is bearable
the only way feels like writing
here the mind can reach the experience
and a semblance of that experience are these words
semblance derived from our common understanding

something is trying to live through these words
it doesn't need to try
yet its existence lies in trying

•

What does it mean to be a human?

In the words that are known and the common understanding, being human is how human has made sense of everything. It is not the sense we are referring here. It is the way of making sense - sum total of perception, thinking, acting, instincts, emotions……all of it.

Looking at it from another way, it is the process of creating intelligence. There is wood and arrangement of wood in a certain way is table. The difference between two is the intelligence or the meaning. And the possibility of this intelligence is human existence.

In the words of our times this is thinking. Thinking here is not just the forced thoughts. It also includes instincts, breathing, heart beating, beliefs and the illogical.

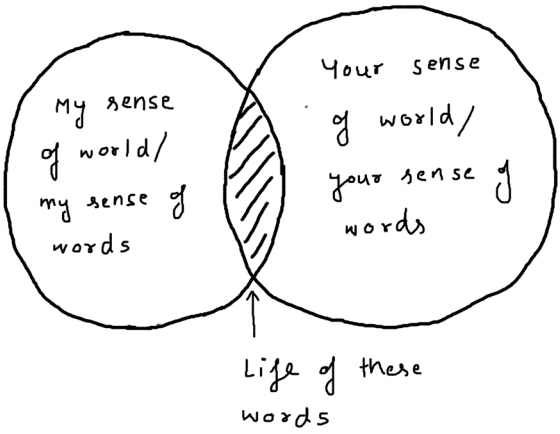
We can look at it in a more simple way, the paper with some marking is defined as money. A child looks at it and it sees it all - the paper, the markings and all that can be experienced from it. Yet something is missing. It is the assignment of value, assignment of meaning to that paper. That meaning is

what we are referring here, creation of this meaning to be exact.

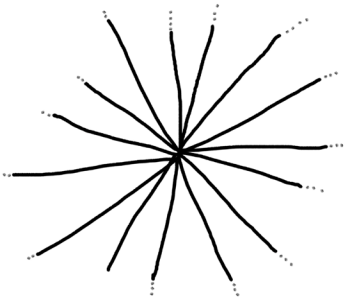
Humanity is the ability to create meaning, order, sense in its own unique way.

Now there is nothing superior or inferior in making sense of it one way or another. In fact we all make sense of world in our own unique ways, like right now you are making sense of these words in your unique way.

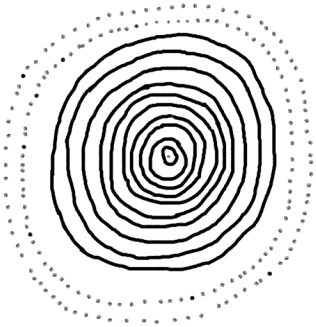
Life is both this uniqueness and the shared overlap. Where something is understood from what the writer has intended but it still has uniqueness of the reader.



It is the same between one human and other and it is the same between human and nature. For example, if one is trying to make sense of space, we can look it as infinite straight lines originating from a point or infinite concentric circles.

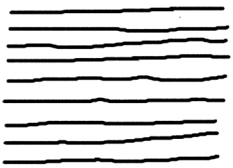


option (A)



option (B)

There can be infinite ways to make sense of it, like if we remove the reference center point then we can also look at it as parallel lines, dots.....etc.



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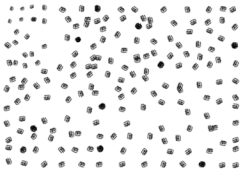


(D)

(E)

Are we together? I am trying to separate ‘what is’ from ‘how one can make sense of it’. The option E is what is, and A, B, C, D are ways of making sense.

E can be looked as empty or full. It can be zero or sunya and it can be infinity or singularity. In a sense E is what is. A, B, C, D are what you can call - perspectives, ways of making sense, different forms of intelligence.

Let us move further. The same way different human can look at it differently, yet still there is overlap. That overlap lies in something fundamental, that fundamental which is shared is the essence of being human. The word essence means the intangible. It is the intelligence of a human, and the more closer word which is accepted these days is, consciousness of a human.

Let us deconstruct or look at this answer to the original question in the same way. Let us apply what we have understood from the words on the words themselves. Then we will realize, all that we have understood together is also trying to make sense of the world. It is like one of the A, B, C, D options.

It is a viewpoint, a way of explaining, a way of pointing towards E. If we can see beyond layers of intelligence that are A, B, C, D, then E also lies in A, B ,C, D.

Now realizing that A has E too, and seeing it all together, that is the full form of human consciousness.

Meaningless

that which can't be understood
what does it mean
it means that it doesn't mean
who knows what that means

I can just try to write what I feel
there is no way to know what you understood
the stark realization of words

it is because
words don't mean anything
it is a symbol of an experience
I can't describe the weirdness of experience
the randomness of realization
so I pick the closest word in my mind

it is not about the words
it is about the flow
the sum total of individual meanings
is not the meaning of whole

•

Being closed in oneself
brings conflict
sometimes one is closed
because of one's desire
and sometimes it is fear of society
it work in loops
any aggression, violence, hate, judgement
gives birth to more aggression and judgement

my father only received aggression, judgement
so now he can only give that

somebody bombs the house and parents of a child
who is going to answer that child

and maybe the one bombing, killing, destroying
has only received hate, judgement, loneliness

or maybe he/she is closed from arrogance
too sure that he/she is right

whenever anybody was too sure that his/her way is
the only way
there is no room for doubt
completely closed in one's own world
it has brought great suffering to everyone

someone killed, destroyed, raped people because
of a particular identity
and that fear, hurt, suffering passed down
produces again the conditions to do it to
someone else

an intolerant society can only produce intolerance
and that intolerance again produces intolerant people
who start the next loop

•

There are no questions
the clarity of physical and mental
the superimposition of them

one doesn't exist without other
most of us exist in small physical borders
yet in mental we live through so much

mental is thinking
the intangible
that by which we have defined time
that by which we have defined ownership,
relationships, morality, borders, identities

that what is called physical
is seen through mental
and all that is mental is derived from physical
perception

the human suffering is being human

the abilities of imagination
can help you enjoy a fantasy book
but it can also paralyze one with fear
fear of 'what can happen'

the ability of questioning
can help in exploration
by which we figured out what is edible
by which we figured out fire
the same ability of questioning can make one
question oneself ‘who am I’

everything that is thought for ‘good’
can be used for ‘bad’
the intention doesn’t matter

yet we can’t stop ourselves
to solve a problem we will create another problem

the issue is not of action or no action
it is the emptiness inside with or without action

•

As one lives life
the desire of a time might become necessity later
one wanted to photography, write a novel, live in nature, travel
an action born out of a will to explore life

but slowly it starts conforming to a pattern, a habit
either by a desire for more or to fit in current human system
it is how deeper habits are born

based on the current value system
we might label them good or bad
on a deeper level it is just a limitation
the moment an action is born out of a reaction
the choice is gone
and life will feel more and more like a burden

so one constantly need to filter, to reset, to find again the will
the limitations, boundaries of the human system will always be there
still it needs to be constantly questioned
for the boundaries not to become suffocating

it is the balance, interplay between one's inner voice and outside
there is a role everybody has to play
but don't let the role be stagnant

take a deep breath
realize what is needed and what is not
remove the things not required anymore
lighten the load

the purpose, meaning of life is not a one time thing
it is constantly adjusting, questioning and adapting

remember life is exploration of what can be based on what is

As the wind plays with one
mildly cold
in open nature words just fly by
the realization that world is not just in thoughts

thoughts of what is in space, aliens, technology……..
what is termed as future
thoughts of what was in past
of oneself and all ancestors

all of that is there
yet the wind washes it all down
and what remains is
harmony in oneself

What is written here is nothing new
it has been communicated and refreshed
again and again throughout time

words have been told
which in that time would mean
now the meaning is lost

that is why even with all of these words
there is no inner peace

we think the power lies in words
but the real power lies in one who decides the
meaning

the repetition of the word
when there is expectation/prediction of output
is just sound and nothing else

words can only reach where thought can
where logic/rational can

it is the human story
yet to observe the entire story
one needs to come out of it first

•

I am not good with words
any way of writing is only a scent
remember… oh but remembrance can be a problem

one doesn't need to do anything
doing means what comes over the top
just be

in this collection of characters
let there be a character like you

there is nothing to be had
other than the realization of it being a story in mind
and still it is everything

one doesn't need to prove anything to anyone
not out of arrogance but out of love for life

all of these words are written with love
it is all how I have made sense of everything
and the words are what can be shared

all of it crumbles in words though
on one side it is - one doesn't need to prove anything
and on other side - everything you are is because of it

it is realization of how the only way to share right now is words
but the words can only mean if we agree on it

maybe all the words are wrong
all of it is stupid
let us remove all that romanticism
and see these words as something personal being shared without any authority

there is peace inside which I have never experienced before
and that is all I am trying to share

•

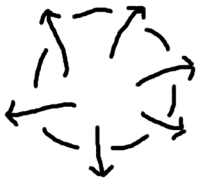
Life

life happens in present
whether it is laughter, fear, lust... any thought
it is always in present

when one is sharing
like an experience
is that person more into re-living the experience of past in his/her mind
or that experience is just a way to share something in present

it is whether the movement of words is outside or inside
how much one is opened when sharing

In closed - the sound or expression just echoes inside



In open - it actually gets shared and one can actually feel it

dogs so peaceful among all that is happening
sun shining bright
the flies running, exploring, flying
the wind dancing with plants
the birds with all of their songs

and all of that is just there
but one's attention is so narrow in its own thoughts
attention bound by boundaries

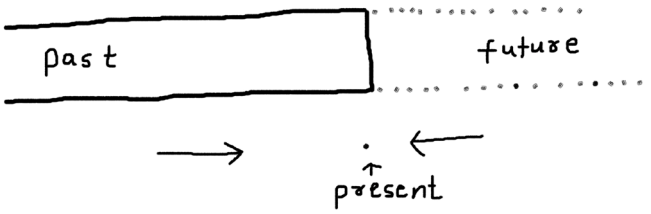
would you say this is missing on life
of all that life can be
or all that life is at that moment

living life means living full
the sensitivity
the vulnerability
the openness
the acceptance

living life is realizing that life can't exist in isolation

one is a collection
a collection which can make sense
and there is no collection which doesn't
when the weight, memory of past

and worry, planning, imagination of future
it all reduces to this moment




that is why one feels alive in adventures
one feels alive in orgasms
one feels alive in newness
one feels alive in focus, concentration

those moments reduces one's spread in past and future to present
there is a scent of life in those moments

the spread of oneself in past and future takes efforts
a point spread to a line requires so much effort
what is really there is this point
the present
now
the experience
the ability to somehow feel that the present can be

remembered, is being human
the ability to feel that one can predict what the present can be, is being human

in that sense
human consciousness lies in this
this sense of world in past, present, future

imagine if life can manifest in infinite forms
every form making sense of world in their own way
this making sense can be termed as 'consciousness'
this consciousness relative to form is life

all of these words are not truth
it is way of making sense of present in one's limited capabilities
an effort to create an order in present state of human consciousness

the only absolute is 'I don't know'
that there is no absolute ingredient which then combine in different forms

it is not like there is something like 'life', which is then put in physical forms
it is something which only exist in forms

but every form is its form or it
there is nothing which is not it

something moving in itself
something playing with itself

now looking at the entire picture like this
there is no absolute meaning to life
there are no measurements

what remains is love
something not done solely for self
when we realize that one's world lies in self-reflection
then the love is, love for self and in reciprocity it is love for other
when touching other's heart, we touch parts of ourself
the direction of one's life should be love
there only can be a direction
as only direction lies in present

this shining of love is just being yourself
least amount of efforts

be you until you don't is the answer

•

What is the truth?

In my exploration of world/words so far, the only way to hint at the answer to this question is the word 'present'. Although we can then again go in next problem of defining this word 'present'.

Present is a word which humans have an intuitive understanding of. This understanding is not logic based. It is undeniable. Just by being, by living, by even a smallest acknowledgement of life, one can't deny present.

Present is the word/concept which survives the contradictions of human mind. It is, yet it is constantly changing. It is, but by the time mind tries to contain it, it has already changed.

Something which doesn't have an opposite, that is present. There is a movement back in past, a movement further in future, when there is no movement that is present. If somebody logically tries to place it , it will be impossible.

Present is the only thing that exists outside of duality - duality is existence of opposites. Present is the only

thing that exists outside scientific definition of time, it is a point, not an interval, even maths and science can only point to it, hint to it.

Let us see even a more easy way to look at it. There is present. Can you describe it? The moment you think, it is already past.

I know it is wordplay but isn't it interesting that there exist a word/concept with no explanation. Writing all of this is also wordplay, we are not actually looking at meaning or the existence of words. We are using the shared accepted meaning of our time to point to something.

In the sense that we have built till now 'present' is the exact state of being. It is the constantly changing reference yet in a sense it is absolute.

Present is hinted by a lot of different ways. Like the snake eating its own tail.
It is not complete circle, it is not an incomplete circle. It is the incomplete circle tending towards full circle.

•

Love,

People will tell you a lot of different things. It is like this, it is like that. This is right, this is wrong. But love, nobody can tell you how you are, what you are. Nobody can tell you what is possible, what is not.

You know, everybody have been through what you are going through. We all had lots of questions. All of us had to figure it out ourselves.

People described to me what a river has been, what it is, what it can be..... but you know it is not even a fragment of it. When you sit near a stream, it has the power to melt all inside you, when you dip your feet and take a bath it will freeze all inside you. The infinity of nature can't be told. The infinity of life can't be told.

This is my heart to you, my love to you, let's share my slice of life with you. The beauty I see in a flowing river with you. The answers I found of all questions of life. All the love, beauty, peace I found in life. I am trying to share all that with you.

People will tell you what life is, how it should be lived. According to me, nobody can tell you

what your definition of life should be. A flower's definition of life is to blossom, a river's definition is to flow, a sun's definition is to shine. Find out what you are, life is both the journey and destination of finding yourself.

One can get lost if one is too focused on the end point and one can get lost if one is stagnant. Nothing lasts in life, so sacrificing present for future has no end. When there is sunny day, if one wishes for rain and when it is raining if one wishes for sun, then one can never be content. Content in what is.

The only thing one needs to live is honesty. Honesty to yourself. When your heart won't be tied down by knots of contradictions. It will bloom and fragrance of love will spread. You must have realized by now that it is not the most opted option to doubt yourself. To start with 'I don't know' requires lots of courage. The biggest mountain to climb is inside. Honesty means and defines the only way to move. A river honest to itself flows like the most beautiful being. To someone calculating life in numbers, it might feel dangerous or tame way of living. But it is what it is. It is indifferent and that indifference or the ability to be unbiased can only be based on honesty.

None of these words have power without experience, so you should experience it yourself. Words like all creations of thought are limited, limited by mind who means them. All of these words are romance, it is not the substance.

Human existence has revolved around the substance. There is a possibility of life if one stop trying so hard. The force applied to live, coming out of the desire for permanence, in a world which is fleeting produces friction. It is not to doubt this movement to live, it is to doubt this desire of perfect control. Think about it, we constantly find problems, challenges to entertain ourselves. If there is some real problem, one doesn't need to find it. It will eventually find you. There are so many layers of desire on the core. The only way to experience is to let it go.

One is flying a kite. It requires constant pulling and pushing. Will the kite fly if one doesn't apply the efforts. The only way to answer, is to let it go.
Have you seen a bird just flying. It only flaps when necessary. Then it just steadies itself relative to wind and it flies even without applying much efforts.

If thought or thinking is living then we should let the

thought loose and see where it goes. The movement of thought is infinite, what is finite is the control, control of where it should go and where it shouldn't. If life is exploration then by no way it can be realized by control.

Human memory, human history, the intelligence, the knowledge, the story, it is only useful and meaningful to a human. Only human intelligence can make sense of it. It is the shared experience of everything- that is what you are. Don't get stuck in the weight of the past. It is your choice of what sense you make out of it. It feels like past was paved by a handful, but that is just a biased way of looking at it. Think about it, do you know the name of human who learnt to walk, who learnt how to start fire, who learnt how to swim, who learnt cooking, farming, who tasted everything to find out what is edible..... now tell me will any of the history makers of today will even survive without this. Existence is not defined just by a billionaire, by the famous, by the powerful, it is equally defined by the poor, by the powerless. When we acknowledge that even the flapping of a wings by a butterfly has the capability to change entire world, why is then there is a hierarchy in the value of life. In defining which life

is more important and which is not. From where does this self-centered and corrupt view of life came from.

Have you realized by now that our entire existence is borrowed from the past. If one realizes this, then the ego of 'I own this', 'I have done this' will melt away by itself. One will become humble, thankful for everything that is there. Humble to both what human thought has produced and to all that it outside of human thought. The real value of anything is realized when one removes the glass of judgement and see for oneself.

All of these words stop at some point. All of these are ways one can approach life. One can start from anywhere, walk any path... as long as there is honesty and one keep walking, it will reach where these words are pointed at. You know the world that everyone exists in, is actually a limited personal world. It allows one to define one's own definition of life but that can go the other way too. If one exist in one's own world, then there can be conflict, there can be loneliness. The power to interpret life with a sense of ego, arrogance, certainty results in friction with others who have their own sphere of life. I can see it clearly so let me try if it can be communicated clearly here.

'I' is the data collected from childhood till now, both directly through experience and indirectly through books, stories etc. One's own world lies in reflection of the entire collection. Someone who has never flown in an aeroplane still has some concept about flying. It is what an aeroplane and flying means to them. Maybe they think of it in terms of how a bird flies. Somebody who has read about aerodynamics and the science behind it will look at it in completely different manner. And then someone who has actually flown through one will see it as completely different. The same thing means different to different people based on their lives, what they have collected. The image of what is external comes from what is inside.

If we have reached here, understood it at least logically then we can go on to the next part of the problem with human existence.

We can't live in isolation and when we have to interact with anyone else, we go by the only guidance available to us, that is, the sense of the world in one's mind. The limited sense which one has collected. It is an impossible task, so to make some order in it we created systems. System of language, of morality, religion, science, constitution, law and order.... all the

systems are inherently based on one simple objective - to create order. Like I am writing now and the reader is getting a perception of the meaning. This interaction, or sharing, or communication is done through the framework of language. If one actually look deeply into it, then one will realize that even with all of these frameworks, one can never tell what the other has understood. I have used the power or the intelligence of all of these frameworks, still I have no idea what you are getting from it.

Now if one understand this, like really understand it, then the framework will only be used as a help or with some doubt. One will never ever give the absolute status to any framework whether it is science or religion. But do you observe what is happening now. There is no place left for doubt now. And that's where human suffering lies. In this desire to be absolute, to be completely certain. That is the root of ego, of right and wrong. Where everyone is different, different way of understanding life and everyone is 100% certain that their perspective, their understanding is the right one. Combine that with the fact that we have to live together. Now everyone wants to prove they are right and other is wrong. Having doubt is considered as weak and anything weak and vulnerable will be removed by force.

Do you understand now the reason of all human suffering. This is what I have understood in my limited capabilities. So much of what I am sharing depends on words which in themselves are limited and even the words come from limited experience. Still I am trying based on the feeling of love. What if this makes some sense to even one person and the conflict, the fight, the comparison is reduced by a little bit.

Why do I keep coming back to love? Because it is the only way to really share. What is named love is this state of openness.

You know I am sharing all of these words. But they are all useless. I don't know anything special. The only thing I know and that also just for myself is that 'it can't be known', 'there is no absolute meaning'. It hurts me to see people putting themselves down because they don't know a language, they are not educated enough, they are not tall enough, not fair enough. The various ways I am finding are ways by which you again arrive at the conclusion that there is no absolute. Everything is a story. The entire human history is a story. The entire history of my existence is also a story. The story is playing in one's own mind.

Love is the most beautiful way a human can exist. What people say as the highest form of consciousness is not intelligence or memory usage, it is the state of love. The highest form of one is when one stop putting efforts in it. Natural way of being is the highest form of being. And one doesn't need to apply any efforts if it's natural.

Does a rose have a choice to not be rose
to stop being so beautiful
to stop smelling so good
just because
someone will pluck it for these

is there a choice
till the time there is life
live to the most deepest
be you
just be
be
there is no other option anyways

Love is the only way to define true movement of life
the purpose, the reason of life's existence

love for everyone is love for yourself
nothing can fill you how love does

anyone who is searching
who has tried to fill themselves and still feels empty
try love

love will fill you when you give
the more you will love the more will come
it never ends as there are no boundaries of logic
in love

love is the universe of a human
the entirety of a human
when there is no limitation
no pressure, no efforts, no boundaries
then the self dissolves into other
and something that is both fleeting yet permanent
is born

love is when
out of two choices of owning other to boost yourself

or dissolving yourself for other
you select none

because love is never a choice

## The Way

some search for answers
some don't

is the question fundamental
or the answer fundamental

anyone who has arrived has not arrived
because the goalpost is constantly changing
doing and undoing has to happen together
and for it to happen
happen in the sense of magic
a coincidence
there can't be a path

it has to be the natural way
a way not derived by logic
it can't be someone else's way
the way depends on where you are
when everyone is at a different point
the way of others can't be used

look at it this way
one says that in words
but the other can only look how they have arrived at
the question

the mountain keeps changing
so the way needs to be new
the mountain is personal
and to climb one needs to stop looking outward

in the end there is no mountain to climb
one is already there
you just need to let go of the image of mountain and
the paths in your mind

I write
because words are given
because words are there

words of right and wrong
words of life and death
words of me and nature
words of religion and science
words can only undo what words have created

my words are words of the time
words to think
and words to stop thinking

it is a useless exercise
somebody creates a word
and the other destroys it
it is not the word that is destroyed
it is the meaning

•

I am a story
a fabrication in mind
am I more than that
maybe
maybe not

am I writing my own story
are others writing it

carrying the entire human history inside myself
I search for what is me

I want to fly
but there are rules
can one fly in rules?

I want to be free
free of what
free of myself

the right hand stopping the left
the right wing moving opposite to left

I am entangled in myself
if only one yields
stop fighting

we can't move if one foot move forward
and the other move backward

why do we want it a particular way
when all of it is a story
why not let it unfold
one can really fly when there is no expectation of
destination

don't write with the notion of meaning
that is real writing
that is real flow
it can never happen alone

a bird flying both by itself and the wind
if one fly against wind
it is flying against flying

what if you just fall
and let the wind take you

when all of it, is this moment
without doubt
some of me and some of wind
dancing with each other

then the story will write itself
a story free of ending
free of itself

I want to belong yet separate
I want to be here yet not here

give me love but not all
give me truth but not all

rules but not entirely
predictable but not completely

I want to let go but not everything
I want the wants yet not all

Lets have a conversation
taking a pause
from proving
and disproving
both to others and yourself
can we put our attention free
and just observe
free the heart bound by shackles
and listen to its beat
.
.
.
.
I am not saying it metaphorically
let us do it
will you slow down the reading
the words are going nowhere

let us have a conversation like it is the last
remove the romance
there is no time for that

what would we talk about if we remove all the judgements
with the world in a race
can we stop

sit on the side
and have this conversation
it might not change anything
can we do this without expectation

let us remove the labels
of any kind of differentiation
let us remove the conditions on life

remove the labels
everything in that identity card
male/female, hindu/buddhist/christian, young/old,
owner/employee,
all the identity marks of place of birth, time of birth,
religion, career, gender, colour of skin, language
and then look at yourself
and look at others with the same vision
.
.
.
.
.
.
can we observe both ourselves and others
without these labels of discrimination
.

.
.
talking to a girl/boy should be like this
talking to a black/brown/white should be like this
talking to a rich/poor person should be like this
talking to a boss/employee should be like this
.
.
.
can we remove these conditions on conversation
and just talk human to human
.
.
.
.
these weights on mind of all sort of relationships
a conversation without expectation
without a desire to gain out of it

a conversation
both with ourself and others
.
.
.
how are you
asking this to ourselves and others

or
maybe just a smile
an acknowledgement
of yourself and others
.
.
listen
just listen
to both yourself and others
.
.
.
it might be hard
you might be holding tough words
which will be difficult to listen to
.
.
.
this hesitation to open up
to let down your defences
this fear of getting hurt
everyone has it
but we need to start somewhere
we need to take a chance
.
.

.
what if it turns out as painful
but what if it turns out as joyful
.
.
can we stop talking
stop sharing
just because of the fear from past memories
.
.
.
will you jump again without expectation
what if you fall
but what if you fly
.
.
if we fail
we will try again
will you take a chance again
so that we can have this conversation

Why do you laugh?
one asks

why do we breathe?
can actions be only performed with reason?

happiness is ‘I am happy’
it is not ‘I am happy because……’

a person in love smiles
not because of something

it just happens because it is there

Lost in ourselves
in the clothes, the outer
is the answer inside
it is neither inside nor outside
it is where there is no inside & outside

one likes when someone praises them for clothes
yet they question when someone hates them for clothes
the 'Maya' is fine when it is giving pleasures
yet it becomes the evil Maya when it is used against you

the judgement lies inside you
what you apply on the world will be applied on you
the same scooter reduces the effort
and the same produces pollution
one can't be without other
something which can give pleasure
automatically has the power to give suffering

do you also question when you are following the comfortable paths
do you question the happiness
just like you question the sadness
the path to truth
is the path of honesty

or maybe
it is just entertainment for you
just another discussion for mental stimulation
do you have the courage to let it all go
or is it just like buying a product from the market
the mentality that everything can be bought

then you will only get imitations
the fake, the copy
the journey is pathless and it might require immense energy
are you willing to pay this price for truth

not the fake truth bought online
while watching Netflix
another stimulating documentary, another touching song, another guru selling meditation books, another entrepreneur promising to show the end of the world, another motivation speaker

I can't tell you the truth
the truth can't be told in words
but I can clear the mirage of fake truth
the lie you tell yourself every night and still feel empty inside

I am nobody
but don't tell me you don't see the corruption in
human character
judging others with different standards than yourself

I don't know if these words reach you
the selfishness, double standards, addiction to
comfortable paths is so deeply rooted
question the whole world
but also question yourself
you are not the exception
I am not the exception

the judgement, the hate, the loneliness
is both because of outside and inside
the outside can be changed
what about the insides
where will you run away from what is inside

•

What if life?
You are life. The word life is defined with respect to you, so the only answer or the assumption is you are life.

What is not life?
It is impossible to answer. If life lies in you being conscious of the world (both inside and outside) then everything you are conscious of is life or part/form of life.

What is a human?
The circle of similarities extends outwards. It is the way mind has grouped. The first grouping is defined as human. There is no way to tell if the world I am conscious is the same as anything else. Still there are similarities, an agreement, a consent and all who are part are defined as human.

What are emotions?
The tools acquired by the mind/consciousness so that the movement keeps going. All emotions lies in relationships with the world. So that consciousness can keep flowing in the world of its own creations.

What is time?
A sense created based on characteristic of mind

called memory. A concept/word derived from a way of understanding which has been proved quite useful.

What are all of these answers?
An absolute understanding of my world based on relative framework of time. It is valid only for what is defined as ‘present’ in time. They are written by a personal understanding of present words and most accepted way of looking.

These are just words
but these can be life
depends on you
the one reading

it is just a tree
but it can be life
depends on you who is looking

it is just paper
but it can be money
or it can be a book

the sense, beauty is not in these words
it is in you
it is in the agreement of life between me and you
there is no one in your world
the entire world is you

you think there is intelligence
therefore there has to be someone creating it
but the intelligence is in you
and it is not absolute

what stops one from blooming like a flower
the sparkle in eyes

are the boundaries created by you and me
what stops one from dancing
is the judgement of useful and useless
one can't laugh without reason
one can't dance without reason
who told you there has to be reason for everything
this limitation we have imposed on ourselves
where unreasonable can't exist
where meaningless can't exist
a life defined, bounded

reason always looses to love
it has happened before and it will happen again
you can feel it somewhere deep down
don't you
that is why I am writing and you are reading

if the self-love is contained to just the physical body
just the narrow definition of self
and not to the entire world of oneself
that love is just a lifeless copy
an imitation
a reflection

•

What is depression?

It is the reaction of mind just like fever is reaction of body. Mind trying to establish order so the attention is reduced elsewhere. A strict mind will not let anomaly exist and it will drain all energy. Establishment of order or acceptance of disorder are the only ways out. Thought in a loop is a sink of energy. The more central the role of thought and the meaning (order) is, more intense will be requirement of energy.

With the new classification of world into mental and physical, we can understand that mental is limited. It is just recycling what already has been created. Nothing new can come out of it. While the physical is ever changing.

In the times of now, so much importance is given to mental, that it is highly possible that one looses touch with the other part. The mobile is physical, yet the meaning of images one sees on social media, is mental projection. Even the image one sees in physical is somewhere mental too. It is the degree of attention on mental is higher when using mind created tools. The more the attention is trained on

importance, the easier and more natural it will be for it to stay there. With the thought gone deep and deep into concepts, like the dreams, it is very probable that one looses the awareness of full existence. ‘Living in the head’ will be a very close phrase to describe it.

When the mental projection becomes so strong, both because of the importance given to it by society and the individual, that it completely overpowers what we call physical or reality, then it becomes uncontrollable. Mental is a looping machine based on assumptions, if one looses sight that it is based on assumptions and then keep giving it more and more energy, it will completely drain everything out of you.

Think of it as a game designed in a loop and while playing one looses the realization that it is a game. A person trapped in dreams or mentalscapes.

All the stories that titillate you on any screen, are all being played in mental based on the data you have already gathered. All the books are mental. What only holds value in human mind relies heavily on mental like the currency note or the modern version of it, cryptocurrency.

If you really want to understand the cause of mental health problems, you have to look at the complete picture. If you keep putting stress on your body continuously, without a break, the chances are that it is going to break. Similarly, if you keep your mind in a state of tension all the time, it will certainly result in some mental health problem.

We live in a time where taking stress is celebrated though. The culture of more and more. More and more piling up of the same stuff. We live in stories of people putting them through stress and coming out as superheroes. It only took 10 vacations in 8 years, it only slept for 4 hours a day. Where silence is termed as waste because it is not taking part in this race. A human bound so tightly by mind that the only end is destruction. By the same logic of value and cost, there will be tremendous price to pay for all of this.

If only one can look beyond
look beyond these boundaries
this converting of everything life can be in numbers
if only one realizes that life can't be contained
that all of this is you happening
and it will happen anyways
if only one sits and observe mindfully

what all is already given
rather than running behind the shadow, the reflection
if one sees, realizes the real you
you who is life
you without any boundaries

•

One need to be aware of assumptions
when the assumptions forming the base are gone
then the impermanency will be realised
the meaningless nature of words will be realized

Is it the absolute truth?
I don't know, the concepts of truth & absolute are also assumptions.

Is the realization permanent?
I don't know.

How do I know that these answers are not derived just from accumulated words?
Maybe, maybe not. But the words are making sense without anything explicitly told.

Is it fake, a lie well lived?
There is no 'it' to be faked. What is written is all based on observations and logic. All of it is open for conversation and it is not any absolute moral code of living life or any objective answer of what life is.

By writing these words, I might have assumed a lot. But the assumptions are made to question other assumptions. I have to stand on some words to question other.

Will you read these words just as some anonymous words without forming a base of assumptions and see if there is a sense, a value. And do that for everything in life. Realizing the value, not because of where it came from, but in the real sense of value to you. Like an apple given to you without a name and you have to decide its value. It will require removing the superficial out of real. A sense of awareness, and that is the only way for both you and me to arrive at common value, the real value, if there is any.

Whether I tell you the answer or the question
it doesn't matter if it is coming from me
I can write, can keep writing
but in the end, it will be just another written word
it is all a stupid quest
an assumption that our world is common
that someone else can show the path
of the mountain in your and my mind

our world can be one
if we both leave the form
and the experiences of the form
there is one place and word for that
in logical sense it is present
and in romantic sense
it is love

but all of these words
can just entertain you
even with all the energy
there is no way we can experience the same thing
keep the honesty with you
and if you have any question
you will arrive at the answer

the question doesn't matter

but a being fixed on questions can't just leave them
an existence bound by cause and effect

in the meaningless life
the only way for you is your way
and for me it is my way

# Part 3

It is not in the images
the stories told to you and me
it is in the life
which you and me are living

I travel from one place to other
with an expectation developed by the stories
and during the journey I observe
mind trying to find it in everything other than myself
it says 'leave everything, all of this is superficial'

'But this is all there is' comes the reply

'Are you sure?'

'Yes! We have seen the entire mind and there is
nothing more than stories you can get.'

'Is there anything beyond stories?'

'Well people have said there is, Buddha got it.'

'Isn't that is also a story?'

'It is.'

‘Is there any way to know whether it is actually possible, whether the story is real?’

‘There can’t be right. First, we don’t know if what we know of as the story is true or whether it really happened. Second, how much of it (assuming it is a real story) is lost while transferring through time. Third, even assuming all of that, the meaning of the words itself is not absolute. A word keeps changing its meaning depending on the user. However you look at it, the story of Siddhartha, Christ, Shiva or any such character is in no way different than the story of ‘Zombies’ or ‘Harry Potter.’

‘Even this is a story right?’

‘Yes it is.’

‘What is the point of all of this then? Why are we writing? Why are we thinking?’

‘Isn’t that the main question. I feel it is all entertainment. Entertainment doesn’t mean anything. Does it.’

‘How will one act then? Our actions are based on

meaning.'

'The same way a child acts while playing a meaningless game.'

'But a child can only act like that because it is protected by human system.'

'Child is actually an indication, a hint about the assumptions. A child is the empty vessel. With time, it collects a lot of things depending on the environment it spends time in. It is the loose sand on hard rocks of a mountain. Sand which can move, has possibilities. The story of that vessel getting filled and the loose sand transforming into hard rock, that is the story of a human. A child, the sand is an indication of change, of assumptions, of what is volatile, of impermanence.'

'This story that you are telling, the assumptions, the impermanence, all of this, what is the proof of all of this?'

'What kind of proof do you want?'

'I don't know, how does one verify it. You are saying

something abstract. It is like philosophy. Can one look at this another way? Can we say this in words which are easy to understand? Something not just philosophical but have a real, physical observation. The abstract can do nothing for the life.'

'If you are asking if this story can provide food or water or air or whether it can cure illness, then the answer is no. But is that all? Are people who have all of these at peace? Look at the celebrated people of our time, people who are regarded as role-model which everyone aspire to become. Someone who can run fast, someone who looks good, someone who can talk well. What is the value in those stories for you? Is the question more than survival? Are not those stories also philosophical or abstract.

When someone is regarded more than others, just because of looks. This existence of concept of beauty and others like this, that is also all abstract and does nothing for survival. Why is all of that and what is all of that, that is what we are trying to understand. To understand human as a whole, not by fragmenting it into needs and desires, but try to understand the base of all of this, if there is any.'

‘I think we can clearly state the question now, at least based on the words so far we can clarify a direction now. Maybe these words will be more useful then instead of moving here and there.’

‘The answer can’t be in words. We can try to reach there through thinking and maybe it will help in clearing some direction, a roadblock, but the path is for the individual to walk. We are writing these words together, we have no idea whether it will really help or not. What meaning someone will make out of it. It is an exploration with words without a direction.’

‘Ha ha ha ..... it is nice to have an open dialogue. It is like you are teleported in a jungle and now you have to make sense of everything around. There is no aim, just an intelligence trying to make sense in the way it can. Should we walk in the direction of stating the question clearly, in whatever limited sense we can.’

‘What question.....ha ha ha. Where should we start? Hmmmm.... what about the question of ‘what is life?’. All the questions are actually one question with different clothes. All the questions of outward direction are based on assumption of the inward ‘the

I'. So in that sense the most fundamental question and assumption is 'Who is the one asking the question and why is it asking questions?'

'That went personal pretty fast. Here I was sitting with a comfortable assumption about who I am and categorising everything left and right. It is so easy to ask questions on the outward. It does make sense to start the questioning with the questioner though, the tricky part is how do we go further. Anything I say from here on, it will all be based on assumption of I. If we use the jungle analogy, till now it was all about what tree is this, is this animal dangerous, what is edible. And suddenly you inverted the frame of questioning and we can't move now. It is a weird place for the questioner to question itself.'

'It is interesting right. If one is honest, it is easy to see and arrive at this stage. And even we have arrived till here multiple times. The problem is the next step, now the only guiding light - thinking, intelligence is gone or at least gone in conception, in imagination. If it was really gone in experience then that would be the answer right, or at least a step forward. But this is where the road made by 'logic' ends. The thought of 'not thinking' is also 'thinking'.

The train of thought ends here, it is the last station and now one needs to get off the train and go by foot. But somehow we can't get off this train.'

'Well, since words can't go any further. Let's sit in the train itself at this last station and see why it is so difficult. It seems to me that the major reason is fear. You are saying it is a station but I can't see anything down there. And from start we established that it is all a story anyway. I feel like curiosity's power of exploration is useless when it is literally the question of death. One will not intentionally walk into 100% death.'

'You are right. It can't happen intentionally. It can only happen without choice. When it is just natural for a river to flow, it is not going to stop at a waterfall. A tree only knows one direction and that is to grow. Now, will the tree stop growing because it knows that once fully ripe, human will cut it for its use. Is there a choice? Fear has no place when it comes to just being yourself.'

'Ha ha ha .... quite poetic. Honestly it doesn't feel like a replicable model. It just feels like a lot is required. But I also am you, so I know actually what you mean. And I also know the improbability

of words in expressing it. Anyways it is late in the jungle so let us rest.'

'Ha ha....You have taken this role-play so seriously. It is exhausting but then life itself is effort.'

‘Will you listen if I tell you something? It might not make any sense, just listen to it like you listen to a bird. When you don’t really go for it to mean something.’

‘Go on’

‘You are the world. It is true.’

‘Hmmm’

‘Everything you see outside is your reflection. The cat, the dog, the horse, the bird.... it is all in you. They are your parts. Similarly the sea, the river, the clouds, the fire, the sun....all of them are also your parts. What the consciousness is conscious of, is the consciousness itself. The suffering is when the parts are not in harmony, not in balance. The fear felt in a cow is your fear, the love given to a dog is you loving yourself, the attentiveness of a cat is your attention, the flow you see in a river is you moving inside, everything is you.’

‘What about humans? Why din’t you mention them?’

‘It is easier to understand this without humans.

Obviously every human you see is also your part. Here we will need to go deeper and understand that the you that is referred here is not the common definition you. I mean it is you, just without the boundaries. That is why I unknowingly din't include humans. Now this will be another thought journey and it will again end in same loop like earlier.'

'It is fine, let it be. I promised to just listen so you can continue your bird song.'

'Love is something so out of all of the rational boundaries. The jar inside me fills and then it starts spilling. There is no way to contain it and that is love. A child yak comes near me, slightly afraid, slightly curious. I stand still just watching, observing. It comes near, sniffs, licks and then like a flower it blooms, it runs away jumping, full of life, a jar spilling out. That yak is actually part of me which bloomed.'

'.....'

'It is sad really that the life which is capable of being a lotus, a flower which blooms in sewage water. That life is completely shut out of fear. It is like a person

who refuses to see, out of fear of seeing horrible things. We are at a stage where fear has crippled us and instead of going towards love, we are running away from it.'

Something still feels unfinished
an itching
a feeling of intuition
the movement is still getting stuck
maybe and maybe nots
thought is still limiting it
there is no way though
and there is nothing to be done
just observe

All that is written here is thought making sense from a perspective
it is not absolute
if we understand, then at most it can be the best possible version of sense of that time

if it is happening inside you, then you already have it
just the words are to be found
when we are focused only on what can be described by words
that is when we loose it

like for example the question of ‘what is sex?’ or ‘What is sleep?’, both of these questions have so many assumptions
the words ‘sex’ and ‘sleep’ are carrying the burden of memories, assumptions
then there is the word ‘what’ which assumes what will be accepted as an answer
the only question which can work in words is ‘Who am I?’
but then we will again get stuck at the place of ‘question which question itself’

‘So unless we answer that question, there is no point in asking any other question?’

‘You can ask but with the understanding that everything is based on assumption. It is like every book which doesn’t answer the fundamental question should start with a disclaimer that all that is written is based on assumptions and state those assumptions clearly. Every constitution, religion book, mythology book, every science book, every documentary, news…..any discourse should start with this.’

‘This is true in literal sense but practically won’t it make sense to solve immediate questions like gender

inequality, the exploitation of poor, climate change etc. Isn't philosophy actually a privilege?'

'Philosophy done for the sake of discussions and mental stimulation of pride is privilege. If we really want to go deep and solve all these issues, not just change their forms but actually solve them, the only way is for humankind to address the fundamental question. Now this is not to say that 'don't do anything unless you have complete clarity' but having the humbleness along with the action that we might be wrong. This humbleness can pave the path to love and compassion, making the burdens of rights and wrongs less heavy, in a more tolerant, open world.'

'It is what we call an ideal world, an utopia. I think we have long strayed from that path and there is no point in talking about something not practically possible.'

'It is the sense I have created which according to me is the only way for peace. Love and openness are the key ingredient if we actually want something to happen. If everyone agrees, it can happen. It needs to come from the insides though, outside force will only

make it worse. There is nothing to permanently gain from life anyways.'

Discard every story
including this story
it doesn't matter how much you aspire
someone else's world can never be yours

stop buying second hand stories
and start living the one you have

every lie that you will live
will put a knot inside you
twisted, bound in itself
is that the life you want to live

You versus me has no end
the hate will not go away
it will do as much damage to you as to other

words have stopped reaching inside
they have become shallow, hollow
but if by any chance
these words reach you
not just to the calculating mind but to the heart
then try to fill your life with love
rather than hate

fear stops the movement of love
achievements, ownership limits love
you think the destruction, death, pain is caused by
just somebody with hate
it is caused equally by somebody too sure that they
are doing good things
the villains are not just outside
it is inside you
ignorance has blinded us

'What according to you will happen if we keep living
in assumptions, without the clarity of what is all of
this - life, human, death, time, questions?'

‘Nobody can predict future but as science does, we can guess some direction. By logic, only death can pave the way for life. Day dies for night to be born, a river dies for sea to be born… in a sense it is all transformation. Similarly, ignorance has to die for knowledge to be born, either it can die by letting go, or it will be stripped off. Only the truth is permanent.’

‘You know we are roleplaying but what we are saying is some serious deep shit. Ha ha ha…. we don’t even know if it is making any sense to anyone.’

‘That is all we can do, share our answer. After that whether or how someone understands it, all of that is not in our hands.’

‘Life can be so complicated yet so simple’

‘It is like life is zero, a person who identifies itself with counting will try to do what it can. It doesn’t need to do anything. You know even if words won’t be understood, love/experience can still pierce through.’

The question of life and death
what it is aware of is itself
what it can know is itself
if you call it life, then only life is there
there is no birth and death

basically on top of what is
everything else is the way of its existence
the way, the meaning is fabrication

birth and death are defined relative to a world
assumed to be always there
but the world that is there
the total of 'you + everything else'
is just another way of existence

that world existed before you
and it will exist after you
this sense of time
is also part of one existing

'I am getting a lot of observations on thoughts,
actually we are getting a lot of words in that area
which is helping in creating some order in stuff
related to thoughts, control of thoughts, methods and
tricks.'

‘Okay, let us see what we have understood till now. There is an intangible entity named mind out of which another intangible entity named thought is produced. It feels like all the actions have this ‘thought’ as base. That is the vague establishment of the game of mind and thought.

Let us move forward. The movement of thought or the working of thought is based on conditions. The first condition is logic or rationality. It is the basic concept of ‘cause and effect’. It can also be looked as duality and this is where concept of time comes from. Like the tangible moves in space, the intangible moves in time. This feels like most basic movement of thought, from time A to time B. We can build further on it but there are still some gaps in it for the puzzle to come together.’

‘Overall, it feels like the problems of thought comes from contradiction. When it defies itself. First, I think there should be morality, that honesty should be practiced and then I don’t act on that because it might be difficult, because of desire, conditioning or any such reason. This wish to eat the cake and have it too, to be here and there both, to train the mind in habits and then trying to break the habit.

If some thought is given the power, the authority, the importance, then it is like a machine, it will automatically use it, based on its accepted initiating conditions.'

The truth is one. Everything written, told, taught other than that is effort to make order in human understanding. That order is just temporary which needs to be redone again and again.

'Are we really honest? We are saying all of these things, trying to act superior like we know everything. I don't know, somewhere it feels like wrong direction.'

'You are right. And I am not just saying that. In reality all that is written here can be bullshit. That is why logic along with doubt can keep us honest. If what is written only have life because of the background story of the one who wrote it, then the words are not really understood. All of this writing is me trying my best to be honest and describe the sense of world, the way I see it.'

'So the answers can all be fabricated or maybe the answers are all subjective and only work for us.'

‘It is highly possible that the answers fail at some point. These words are conversations with the reader. Conversations to explore together and not one-sided declaration of truth. And for the subjective nature of answers, I agree 100%. All the answers are related to our own questions.’

‘Let me summarize on behalf of both of us. For the present moment, we have peace and some answers. We are not sure if the answer is absolute, is it permanent and is it objective.’

‘It is actually an effort to engage in an honest discussion. To discuss the meaningless nature of the discussion. To see if there is a common ground between all of us. Words are like clothes of meaning, meaning which is the body, the substance and the meaning lies in experience.’

‘The analogy of words as clothes and meaning as body is a good one..... Or maybe not, as meaning ideally should be intangible.’

‘We are living in a world of imitation. Someone saw the sea and used words to describe it, those words are not the sea. Now people try to copy the words,

the clothes, the outer. They copy what can be seen by others, what can be shared, what can be owned. The word can be owned, it can be copyrighted but what the words are pointing at, that can't be owned. We memorise the words, it is just like copying someone's clothes. Can we become someone just by copying how someone looks? It is nothing more than someone trying to imitate, act a real life character and thinking that by imitating, it has known everything the real person knew.

Sadly, because of our hypocrisy we appreciate the actor more, we don't care about the real, we just want some shortcuts. Someone who has really seen the sea, won't be slave to words. As the sea is infinite, there are infinite ways to describe it. Someone who has seen that life is a theatre won't try to become the lead actor, it knows that it is the only character.'

'How does one know it is the imitation? It is not possible right. We have discussed this before.'

'Logically it is impossible. Experience and logic can filter it though. How does one knows whether it is a real bird or a sound in a computer, how does one knows it is sun or light from a tube light, how

does one knows whether it is a flower or smell of a perfume. It is hard to explain it more than this as we have already ventured away from logic.'

'The problem here is we have not seen the real flower and experienced it fully. Won't it be impossible for someone who has not experienced a real bird, to tell what is the sound of a real bird and what is just coming from a speaker.'

'Now we have actually arrived at the real problem. Even if we arrive at this decision that it is impossible, then we can put aside everything and venture to find the answer. At least, we can start to see that there is something fishy. That it is not possible to sell the answer in the name of spirituality or any other name in stores. That the answer can never come from outside.'

The phrase 'control of mind' is misunderstood. First, it assumes there is something else which is trying to control what is called 'mind'. Isn't it mind itself, trying to control itself. According to me 'control of mind' should be replaced by 'understanding mind'. Once you understand how it moves, why it moves, why a particular thought feels so powerful, how

a particular thought arises and goes away. This understanding will help one see the full picture of mind. Once it understands itself, once the structure, the order is realized, then it will unwind and the question of 'control of mind' will melt away.

'Do you remember when we talked about what the consciousness is conscious of , is itself and everything it is conscious of, is its own part?'

'I remember the one with yak. It was very poetic. lol'

'That same establishment can vaguely be used to clarify the concept of 'karma' and re-birth ..... .....Let us not do it. lol. Words are useless.'

'What happened suddenly?'

'The realization again of the fact that 'I don't know'….. every word and sense feels useless. Something is there and we are trying with words to make sense of it but the entire effort to do it, it is all so temporary. Spending so much energy in something which is not even fundamental and just revolves around present times, times which can change in

a beat. We need to be aware of that even though we are engaging in discussion regarding mind, thoughts, consciousness... all of these are just words/concepts. They are products of what actually is. Products defined by using assumptions. We are not discussing these because the truth needs it. In fact, it is opposite, all of these concepts need to be discarded and the only way is to understand it and let it go. I see the river flowing in front of me and no word can make any meaning out of it. It can't be captured by anything cooked up by a human.'

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Being human
bind in a cage of repetition
day and night, and day again
hunger and food, and hunger again
problem and solution, and problem again
life and death, and life again

tired with the time
searching for newness
once it is found, it goes away
curse of keep going
round and round it goes

there is only one problem
one smokes & it goes away, only to come back
one gets promoted & it goes away, only to come back
temporary solutions

is there freedom
is there a permanent solution
are we really asking that
like really
....
one does not switch off the lights
how will we see the stars
the paradox is

one is trying to see light with a torch
to listen to something, one needs to stop speaking
can you listen through speaking

‘Way of looking is not looking. Way of looking is you stand on one peak and look all around. You saw all around but did you see the spot you were standing on. There is an assumption. A spot which is dark, which is not looked at.’

‘Isn’t this again a paradox? It makes sense but how will one get around it?’

‘There can be two directions. The basis is whether one has a picture, an image of what one is looking for, like searching for a dog with a picture. The second possibility is one has no image, it is a search of new without any expectation of what is to be found.

In the first case, because one has an image, it should place their complete trust in it and let the one looking go. If one is looking without an image, then go with that, it should be a new discovery and one should be able to take risk and let the one exploring go.

In both cases, it seems like taking the assumption - the base to fulfillment will do the task.’

‘In a way, it is a believer being true to itself and believing it to the core, without a doubt. Believing it 100% that even the one believing, the believer, is nothing in front it.
Second is the explorer, one who only trusts the experience, no beliefs, that one should become an explorer to the core and jump in 100% darkness, risking it all, letting go of the one exploring.
In short, we can say it is being true to yourself. Being true to your starting point and not being afraid to take it to completion whatever the price.’

‘If the task is to let go of the one looking, the awareness of ‘I’. Then logically if we wrap the entire spectrum of I in one irrefutable condition and then have the ‘I’ face the condition it is based on. For the one with ‘I’ based on logic, on questioning, the question will spiral back and question the questioning ‘I’.’

Let me state it again and we can discuss about it - there can be only one truth. We are not talking about the subjective description of it but the objective nature of it. And we are not talking 90% truth or 99% truth, it is truth and not truth. By assuming logic, by assuming duality, by assuming truth and false, start

and end, cause and effect…. we can be sure about one thing, there has to be one truth, one start, one cause. There can't be multiple starts right, otherwise it is not a start, there is something behind it.
If logic is considered as base, there can't be truth of psychology, truth of physics, truth of mathematics, truth of buddhism…. it will all converge theoretically at one point.

This statement is based on assumption of logic. Logic which is base of language and any thought system. Logic which is the only way to talk, to discuss, to arrive at what is common. Not a personal answer but an objective one.

If there is no past, no future
if there is nothing to gain and nothing to loose
if all there is 'what is'
how would you be

will you be tight, stretched, judging, hateful, loud, protective, anxious
or will you be gentle, loose, observing, loving, peaceful, open & calm

now even if we have not realized it whole
can't and don't we have moments in day, in life
when you just be effortlessly
in what is

'I wonder if all of this, these intellectual type words and abstract concepts, these books, all of it, is it really important. When I talk to someone whose life is just earning money to send back home, all of this feels so redundant. Do you get it. What is the use of all of this for them.'

'I understand what you are pointing at. And it is a valid observation in the context of few people sitting in VIP rooms, deciding how life should be lived for someone you mentioned above. Do you wonder why

this kind of situation is there in first place where one person doesn't have any time to question and someone else doesn't have to do anything else other than engage in intellectual thoughts. The root of all of it is same and in the limited resources and limited access, one should question any and every assumption.'

'But it might not change anything for that person at all.'

'It might not change anything at all for anyone. Or it might forever change human consciousness.'

'You don't think it is superior to think about all of these and it is inferior if someone doesn't ask all of these questions and spend this much time on them.'

'There is nothing superior and inferior. Everything and everyone is playing their parts.'

'It is weird and interesting to see this quest of thought….people trying to reach mars, cure most difficult diseases, new forms of art, new ways/ systems of governance and all of that. And on the other hand somebody growing food, creating

mechanical parts of a machine in a factory, transporting goods & people. If you see in an open way, it is all connected, yet there is a hierarchy with more importance given to thought and new.'

'And because of this hierarchal viewpoint in the minds of most people, it is important to deconstruct the mirage/illusion in the way it is built. When mathematics, logic, science, experiments, modular structure in thought, and all sub-parts….all of this is the accepted way of our times, then only way to cross-check a system of thought is to apply it on itself and see that there are no contradictions.'

'Isn't saying it a mirage reaching to conclusion. What is illusion and what is real? Isn't it all thought or something like that?'

'The substance is real, the meaning is an illusion. It will be hard to go deeper than this as we will get stuck in wordplay. Let me kind of state it as an example, what is real is 'what is', this eliminates past which is just memory and future which is a projection. Now in 'what is' one experiences something, that experience without meaning is real. If one sees a mountain, that without the concept of

mountain is real. This example is not so well thought so don't take it literally. It is just to show the outline of what I meant by substance and meaning.'

'What is love? Is it real?'

'What is love
it is when it doesn't matter what is real
when the boundary of mind is removed and the infinite is unbounded
when one removes finite identities, then everything is you

love is what doesn't need to be kept
it doesn't need efforts to maintain
it is what can't be found by finding it
it will come by itself

it is not conditional
it is not directional
like sun burning to give light
it just gives light without any condition of who will receive it

Love is what a human can be.'

‘How can anyone love unconditionally? It means loving someone who has committed heinous crimes too.’

‘We have touched something very sensitive here. The area of morality, right and wrong, crime and judgement. Let us first clarify the base. Crime and degree of it, is based on a moral code of right and wrong. So let us first discuss why there is right and wrong. Where does right and wrong lies - in intention or in action?’

‘Killing is considered wrong but then killing in self-defense and killing by police & judiciary is accepted. Not to talk about indirect killings of suicides, by hunger & poverty, by diseases spread from factories, in wars, in the name of religion….. so many types of killing which is accepted and not just accepted but demanded by the same people who will say ‘killing is wrong’. So in that sense, I guess it is the intentions and not the action.’

‘Are you realizing the problems with this concept of right & wrong? Intentions are so volatile. It is not possible to know whether it is a personal choice or it is brainwashed by surroundings. In some ways we

are all conditioned by surroundings. Who accepts the responsibility if a child brainwashed from childhood commits a crime. There is another factor of ignorance - a worker working in a gun factory and those guns are used for a genocide, or building a bridge with incomplete knowledge of that time leading to crash. Do you see how the mirror of right/wrong gets muddy?'

'I feel what you are pointing is the impossibility of execution. What about the fundamental concept of right/wrong?'

'It feels like an extension or another form of the duality of mind in terms of desirable and not desirable. The collective non-desirability of a particular intention then slowly transforms into a more harder right/wrong.'

That criminal was once an innocent child, just like the one sitting as judge, the one who is the lawyer, the one who is writing and like the one who is reading. Who am I to judge what transformed that child into someone cold, self-centered, violent, radical person. Is it that child's fault or ours? How does a child capable of immense love grows up as an

adult who runs away from love, who detests love. Shouldn't we look more deeper into why it happens? Shouldn't we be doubtful and guilty somewhere? The problem is much deeper. Covering it with fancy covers of right/wrong will not make it go away. Will we only think about it when it is us at the receiving end?

Where is life?
is it in working diligently 9 to 5
is it in listening to rap, sufi, pop
is it in admitting to spiritual institutions
or is it in constantly solving problems whether real
or fake

a jar of 'I' is there
empty but filled with emptiness
just the jar of 'I', jar of consciousness of I

people come and put in it what they can
kind person puts kindness, harsh person puts
harshness
is the stuff inside mine
other than the jar what is really mine

stories of jar, of emptiness of 'I'
story to say that everything is a story
story searching answer in a story

it was an empty jar
and it is an empty jar
where is life
are these words life
or the one writing is

is the one reading life
or the meaning of what is read

what do you think
where is life…..

if one identifies oneself with the stories in the jar
one will not be able to see the full jar

the rest state, the default state
is for the awareness to be spread without any constraints
the state of tension is collecting and compressing that awareness
that attention to a very narrow field

now the part of associating, attaching yourself to those stories
it is going to happen, it is natural
when from start, one is conditioned
to identify with name, sex, color, ethnicity….
and all these limiting, narrow identities

even if one realizes the suffocation
because the alternative is emptiness, letting go
one feels it as impossible task

letting go will feel like cutting a part of oneself
more is valued, less is feared
nothing matters
less is more and more is less

‘What do you think will be darkness, or the ultimate form of suffering?’

‘Wow, where do you get these questions, lol. A lot of it is extrapolation and imagination. Let’s see if we can built a thread of logic through it. Darkness is when truth is dead, and there is no trust, when everything is closed tight due to fear. It is the moment of paralysis of thought. Complete arrest of its movement. One will close their eyes, shut their ears and trap oneself in dark rooms.

Now one will think why would anybody do that, it is because there will be nothing except fear in mind. Darkness is not invasion by aliens, or some robots taking over, it is when the movement of one moving is seized. The desires will make it want to move, energy will be given, but fear will bind it and won’t let it move. And all of this is done to oneself by oneself, so it will be a perfect trap in nothingness.

Ask a person with severe depression or anxiety and you will realize, the real hurt, the absolute suffering is inside. It is not death, it is so much fear that even suicide won't be an option. You have experienced glimpses of it. When out of fear, you are not able to speak, or act…. now just apply that to complete inaction and the root of action is thought. Desire is thought of movement, of action and fear is thought of hurdles, of inaction… now imagine a mind doing both at the same time. It is absolute stillness but infinite efforts, this is what is opposite of peace. I think you got what I am pointing at. It is already happening if one open their eyes.'

'We have arrived again to zero. It is looping again and again. It is hilarious to keep writing and arriving again to the conclusion that it is all stupid.'

'It is like a thought which can't exist without meaning, yet it knows the meaning is imaginary.'

'It is a stalemate, what to do when we are playing on both sides and we reach stalemate.'

'It is all entertainment anyways. The entire game of life is all a bonus entertainment. It is there, so it is

there. When it is not there, it is simply not there.'

'If it is all stupid and meaningless and we need to choose at least one option, then I feel its fine right.'

'We choose the stupidity which comes natural and in a way writing all this is natural flow for us.'

'Natural stupidity. Ha ha… when it comes to organised stupidity, people will get offended if one do it lightly, the mask of seriousness, even fake one is the only way appreciated.'

'The quest to decide a meaning, coming out of 'how can all this be meaningless' has resulted in this stupid charade. If only one let it go. Ha ha ha.'

'Till the time there is either ignorance about what life is or a meaning not understood, it will go on.'

'If life is seen as a game, then that game can be played without being serious also. When the loosing side enjoys it as much as winning one. Race starts, conflict happens, when in a game of win/loss everybody wants to be on winning side. We know, if the game is there then somebody is going to loose, so

the entire focus shifts to 'Me', even binding oneself in fake morality pretending everybody can be winner. Just having the concept of winner gives birth to looser.'

'It is not that we have not thought about it, systems have been proposed and tried but every system fails because it is not based on love but on some idea of morality devised by mind.'

'Basically no system will be needed if love is there. And that is the only solution but we need something which creates meaning and thus the loop starts again.'

When the question is understood not as 'control of mind' but as 'understanding mind', then the next step to understand any thought, behaviour is to see it whole. From the start to the end. What brings the thought and how the thought goes from intangible to tangible. Observation of the entire seen from an impartial place will show one how it is happening.

'I feel at times, why can't I share this. I am trying through words and some people say it is quite good. But somewhere, sometimes I realise the loss in

converting it to words.'

'Who are you to give anything to anyone. You don't own it, that you can share. And this assumption of value… all of this is just mind trying to give meaning to what is actually meaningless.'

'You are right. In the end, it is just about living. For sun to be the sun and fire to be fire. Whether someone uses it to cook or burn someone's house, that can't be upto fire.'

'It is at these moments, I realise the intensity and clarity of love. Love which is not sacrificing oneself but being oneself.'

The question of 'next', the absence of future and present. The tendency is to close the open ends. Reality is, open ends can never be fully closed. Going deeper, beyond the conception of time, it is just tension in thought. What 'is' is definite but what can be is thought exercise. So finally, it is how tense living at that moment of time is.

Looking at one way life can be thought as:
'the more efforts are made, the more one lives

the more data one collect of experiences, the more one lives
the more one feels the emotions, the more one lives.'

If life is looked as movement, this will hold true, the issue is the movement in loops. Now is that movement really movement. Ha ha… quite a place we arrived where we can't deny or accept. Movement in loops is also movement but looking it from concept of time, it will feel still. Like this writing, a movement where it goes to stars, yet it always comes back to the same place - that it is all entertainment of mind.

These words are thought given the instruments of pen, paper, language and access to all memories. And then it just dances, like a child, here and there. Sometimes it goes deep on one path, sometimes it just jumps around, sometimes the path is like a linear staircase, sometimes it is like a mountain trek - wild and uncertain, in the end, all of it is a story. The conception of path, distance, deep are all different games, something is moving yet it can't be caught in words.

Like one plays the game of chess, or pubg, or cricket. The concepts of that game are all imaginary yet something which is nameless is moving through all the different scenarios, stories it has created.
What is it that is moving….mystery… haha

Lie down near a river bed
under an old tree
watch the shadows fluttering
the heart beating
wind washing you down
watch the chirping birds
and forget that the world is somewhere else

this is it
the last, first and only moment you can have
both in romantic way and real way
too much significance attached to meaning makes the one living, hard to be
narrow sense of morality, of high ground makes it easier to calculate and prove that living can be more or less
living is living
nobody lives more and nobody lives less
it is just and just living, until it is not

'Where should we head now? To the endless loops.'

'There are no loops if there is no perspective. But then there will be tension.'

'Blah... blah... blah... haha'

‘Let us write a story
Story of a human
He was born
He received a form
With the form are associated all forms of differentiation
And differentiation looked from place of arrogance, of ego, of judgement is discrimination So he received discrimination
That discrimination is the inheritance
It has come from enjoying the discrimination when in favor and criticizing when against
So he received something

When the ‘he’ was born as millionaire, an upper caste, a white skin.... and all of what is looked as virtue, something desirable, then he took it as granted and never questioned it. The same consciousness then was born as poor, a lower caste, a black skin.... and then it questioned it, the inherited.

There is non-desirable in both cases and there is a free availability in both, yet in whatever form it comes it only sees the world as right and wrong. It never questioned the happy times. What was free but happy, that was never questioned. It was and is

always biased. Like life is free, it is desirable to keep living but with life comes death. There is no choice in that. Keep death and life both close and at equal distance and it will wash away all discrimination.

Consciousness doesn't only have judgements
It has love also
But he can only appreciate what is bought
He has been told again and again the rights & wrongs
Will he let go
Not just which gives discomfort but also what is comfortable
He is both the oppressor and the oppressed
He is both the victim and the criminal
He sees the glass as half full or half empty
Will he able to just see the glass'

'What happened later, this story seems again like the loops... ha ha. See, a story starts with once upon a time....and end with a conclusion, a moral.'

'Okay, let us start gain. Once upon a time, a human was born, the moment it was born, time started. Human was born means being human, that started. It is a story which started because the storyteller

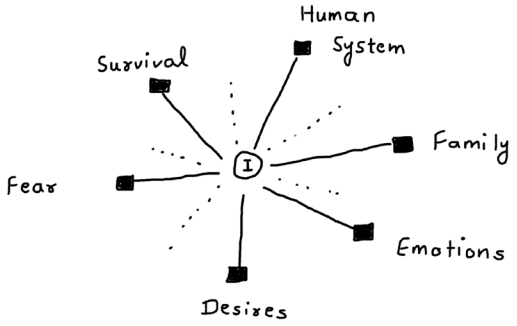
started. Both at the same time.'

'Again the intellectual sounding riddles. Come on let us tell a story like you are telling a child.'

'Haha .... the child I feel will not think like you are. It is this complexity inside you which is not accepting the story unless it is told like you want.'

'Fair enough! Let us go on then, in whatever way you want to tell it.'

'Life, human, death..... how should I say this. I feel like having a conversation but words and page is all we have now. Conversation can be more open compared to one-sided writing. Why does one feel entangled? Why does a heart feels so heavy? The more one tries to own, control, less will be the space to move or the ways to move.



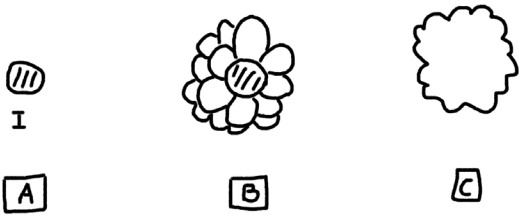
This is what is attachment. When one binds or associates the identity of one with money, or any sort of meaning, value. Then it becomes a never ending effort to try to move with all constraints of attachments.

It goes deeper than this but we start from here. From observation of what is happening. Like the accepted human system enforces curfew but desires want it to move in some other direction and the fear of death pulls it in other direction. This will produce tension, will stretch one who is attached. That is why one feels entangled and the heart feels heavy.

This is an attempt to understand the experience in ways and concepts widely accepted. Maybe it can be better explained, understood by a different visualization but for now let us work with this simple model/example.'

'You have shown I as separate from emotions, from relationships, are those not I itself.'

'It is not possible to know till where 'I' really extends. And from where the attachments start. It can be seen like this.




What is felt, observed is ‘c’. Where attachments will not feel separate but as one entity. Whether they are really some inseparable parts, it can only be known by subtraction or removing them one by one and observing what happens.’

The place of love
the place of nothingness yet everything is there
what doesn’t stop by death
what doesn’t stop by time
it is that which is always there
it is that which never gets over
it not newness, it is not attachments
it is the light and dark together
it is me and you together
it is the small sparrow
and it is the slightly afraid cow
it is the flowing water
and it is the clouds
all of that is in you

I am also in you and you are in me
it is the fullness in emptiness
it is possible
it is here and everywhere

If something is possible, how does one communicate. Let us say it is a new dimension of existence. In itself it can't be new as that happens only in comparison. Yet it feels new in itself. It is exploration. The real depth of a question is the full question - which is the answer. Nobody can know new or old relative to others. There is no way experiences can be tagged by a common word. There is a weird dimension in communication which assumes complete familiarity with the word uttered by other as a sign of experience. It is just living without asking 'why'.

Even the redundancy of communication has to be communicated. It is never ending.

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Dear,

You will read it again in future because the nature of a river is to flow and what can flow in circle is bound to revisit same place again. There is nothing that can be told in words to help you though. The only hint is 'observe the observer'. Only you can know yourself and your world, so remove everything told to you, and even though there is no fixed direction specified, you will figure it out. What can be discussed in words is the logic. And through the assumption of commonality of logic, we can try and build a sense/ order in the world of words.

There is a lot that can be talked about but all of it will eventually come down to the ability to differentiate. That is the fundamental on which 'I' isolates it from rest. Differentiation, which is the ability to separate, like in visuals: which separates a cloud from sky, which separates shades of red, in sound: which separates instruments playing… all of what on gross level can be observed by senses is actually a fundamental quality of mind. Senses are just ways it gets executed.

Another word which is the base of all conflicts is

‘discrimination’. Differentiation when looked from a biased perspective of desire is discrimination. Differentiation parts it in two like black & white, foreground & background, me and world, left and right, male and female…. and discrimination is when white is considered better or superior or is preferred, when me is preferred, when right is preferred, when male is preferred. This preference creates hierarchy which results in conflict.

This way of looking at it as differentiation and discrimination is also a way of making sense. Nothing that is written here or anywhere else can help you in ways other than creating a deeper understanding. But whether that understanding will be more than intellectual debates, whether it will be more than you scoring more in life.. all of that is up to you. And contrary to common sense, the actual end of this understanding is not knowledge but the realization of ignorance.

The more one flips the layers of our existence, more it will realize the superficial nature of the meaning in it. Whatever written here is all stupidity, it is written from point of view of what is generally the sense of our time. It is like 1+1=2 is accepted as common

grounding pillar of our time and I use that foundation to question what doesn't add up, to question if adding up can ever be big enough to fill us.

There is nothing that can be given from outside. By reading you have given permission for something to change in you. That is openness. But everything is you and any change that can happen will be you.

There is nothing to be had from this life. If we really understand this, then life will become so easy, so much more loving. How do I communicate that all you have is 'is'. Using the dimension of memory to project past or future is fine for practical purposes, but all of it is centered on the one projecting, don't forget that.

'Listen, you there?'

'I am always here, I am you…lol'

'The human consciousness is only conscious of human world. The consciousness in itself is the world. Think about it, in the end  human can only sense, can only understand that which lies in its capabilities. Like the act of seeing, if all of it is just some part sensitive to light, then it means all that can be seen is light.'

‘I kind of get it. If we separate the signal from the meaning of signal, then all we sense is the basic signal. Where are we going with this though?’

‘No idea, just like everything that is written before. I kind of like this, when thought moves without motive, it is freedom and it takes less efforts so is more peaceful.’

‘The poetic me…haha. Going where the wind takes us. Wandering in the jungle with curiosity, with peace, sit wherever we feel like, walk whenever we feel like, there is no compulsion to talk or  to stay silent.’

‘That is what it all comes down to…when one realize that laughing is also effort, just like crying. When one naturally detaches from both and peace comes down. The peace of the coconut tree to be itself. Now if wind breaks it, or a human or a bird uses it, there is no worry of all that.’

‘It is a beautiful place. One feels at peace even in the mid of a storm. Going in a different direction, I think honesty is the most important pillar of our existence. Honesty may not be truth but in the state of ignorance honesty overlaps with truth. The deepest and purest

acknowledgment of one and others is honesty. Can there be living without honesty? Can there be love without honesty?'

'I agree, no question can be answered if one is corrupt, there will be no way of knowing or evaluating the answer if we can lie to ourselves.'

'In general also, what is corrupt is a mirage, it is twisted, it is divided, knots of contradictions will not let peace be there, slowly it will bind one in illusions and the knots will stretch and stress.'

'It is not easy to live an honest life though. From childhood parents use dishonest tricks to control, consciously or unconsciously. Then the teacher at school is not honest, the foundation or the initial period of life is all about manipulation. The later period of college, job is anyways filled with - saying not what is true but what works. And we sell the intangible - the truth, for the mirage - for the temporary tangible things.'

'We are stretched from both directions. First the 'I', individuality is created and it takes so much energy. You need to create your own name, your own

identity, brand and all that. And then it has to be let go, the identity that you associate so much with. You are just another number in population, just another vote, just another opinion. This hypocrisy of having a contradiction creates tension and traps one inside oneself.'

'There has to be a willingness. An effort based on honesty, to really look with an unbiased eye. If we start measuring efforts against output then one can never look. Everything whose value/cost analysis can be done, is already seen. A new experience has to be explored from openness.'

'All of this is useless efforts for someone who has already accepted some ready-made answer of what life is, of what it can be, of how it should be lived. Honesty, I don't think there is any point if the question doesn't come from inside. The addiction, the useless gratification which is transient, the movement in loops….all of this is only useful information or knowledge if it comes after self-reflection and not just picked from a book or discussion.'

‘The addiction to pleasures of senses won’t let one question though. And even if one questions, it will be to have mental orgasms and not to really find out.’

‘It is all just looping around. One who is really looking will find it no matter what. Still action has to be performed, one needs to keep the story moving forward.’

‘Wow… so many abstract words and deep shit. I think in all of this, one central highlight is non-availability of open discussion. Everybody is told, informed, influenced, forced… nobody honestly walks together. See, now even I am using fancy words. What I meant to say was a place where anything and everything can be discussed, can be analyzed from a position of indifference. Whether it is knowledge, or questions, or ignorance, differentiation or discrimination….everything can be discussed openly and isn’t that is what is love.’